

THE MARK HILL PRESS.

J. S. HILL, Business Manager.

MARK HILL, MISSOURI.

As a pyrotechnical talker Gov. Culbertson rivals the prize fighters.

An advertiser should possess business wit along with literary ability.

The marrying of Chicago couples in Milwaukee continues epidemic.

The hash market is looking up. Potatoes are but 15 cents a bushel in Michigan.

Brooklyn's trolley car fatalities number 118, with one or two days' records yet to be tabulated.

Let Mr. Cleveland remember the popular tendency in all branches of literature and make his message short and sweet.

The new woman is not having everything her own way, for the woman train robber was captured by a horrid man detective.

The interesting news comes from London that the prince of Wales thinks that Dunraven was hasty. His yacht wasn't, however.

And now a chemist comes forward who assures us that he can condense a steer into a pill box. Heavens! Have we reached the steer age?

Women not only have the privilege of voting in New Zealand, but of being hanged. The new woman business, carried to its logical conclusions, is not wholly inviting.

The underground trolley will not give us nearly so much excitement as the overhead wire, but it will make us feel that the terms of our lease of life are a little stronger.

We are very sadly disappointed in Anna Gould Castellane. The cable says that "both Castellane and his wife are happy and contented." Something ought to be done.

It is perhaps fortunate that no national platforms are to be constructed this year. Both the great parties might be expected to commit themselves on the bloomer topic.

Should Miss Bonney, the feminine elephant, be permitted to take a bicycle ride in New York, it is to be hoped the crowd will not be allowed to stare at her bloomers.

With \$2,500 damages to pay and a suit for \$1,200 attorneys' fees, the St. Louis landlord who stole a kiss from a fair tenant will perhaps find himself in a mood something akin to repentance.

Mora, out of the \$1,449,000 paid on his claim by Spain, has got to disburse 40 per cent. to lawyers, lobbyists, and claim agents. He's a lucky chap not to come out of the affair in debt to his coadjutors.

Quite a number of British literati had proposed to lecture in the United States; but Conan Doyle's failure here has induced them to reconsider their determination. Thank heaven for Conan Doyle!

A young man who recently kissed several Boston girls on the street, and against their will, has been adjudged insane. It is thought the poor fellow had been prostrated by the heat and wanted to cool off.

A local hypnotist in the territorial reform school in Salt Lake has begun a series of experiments looking to the cure of kleptomania and kindred mental diseases in children by hypnotism. Good advice and a hickory switch might be substituted for the hypnotic passes.

When the pension authorities decide to award a man a pension it should break the news to him gently. The old boys are not so rugged as they used to be. A veteran at St. Joseph, Mich., who was informed a few days since that he had been awarded a pension, dropped dead.

The Brush Electric Company recently had a bill of \$60,000 to collect in the East Indies. The consular official of this country did nothing, and the claim was finally collected by an English lawyer after he had threatened to have an English war ship go to the scene. Our consular service needs looking after in that part of the world.

Albert Swan, of Elliott county, Ky., and his divorced wife, Susan, have suddenly become famous. Ten years ago Mrs. Swan eloped with Dr. Windell. Swan and Mrs. Windell got divorced and married. Windell died in Kansas. Mrs. Swan returned to Elliott county and her former husband fell in love with her again. The second Mrs. Swan then got a divorce and now Swan and Susan have been over to Jeffersonville, Ind., and had the knot properly tied again. Who says there is no such a thing as second love?

A MODERN BUNYAN.

(J. N. Ervin, in Ram's Horn.)



DREAMED: and behold I saw a man clothed with rags standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein; and as he read he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain, he broke out with a lamentable cry, saying, "What shall I do?" And while he was standing in his plight there came to him a man named Evangelist and talked with him and gave him a parchment roll wherein was written the way of life from this world to that which is to come. Then the man took the roll and began to read in it, and as he read the way seemed plain before him and a voice said, "This is the way, walk ye in it." Now, while he was still reading therein there came by a man with a huge book under his arm. But the man who was reading was so intent upon what he was reading that he did not see him. Then the visitor laid his hand on the roll in the man's hand and said, "What readest thou?" And the man said, "I am reading a roll which Evangelist gave me to show me the way from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City. For you must know unless I escape, I shall perish with this city." "This is an excellent book," replied the man, "and I have given a great deal of time to its study. I am able to tell you many things which Evangelist has never discovered and to make it plainer to you than any one else can. That roll is, in the main, a reliable guide, but I would advise you to read a book of mine on the explanation of the roll and the roll corrected." Then the speaker gave the man with the roll a card wherein his name was written and disappeared. And the name written was "Higher Critic."



WITH HIS FACE FROM HIS OWN HOUSE.

And I saw, and behold, there came another man to that place the man was still reading the roll. And he stopped and spake with him and asked why he read so earnestly and why his face was so serious and troubled. And he replied that he was trying to learn the way to escape from Destruction. "I am so glad, then, that I have found you," said this man. "My name is Mr. Modern Thought, and I am setting right such people as you. I perceive that Evangelist has found you and that he has puzzled you with the roll which you have. That roll is all right, but Evangelist is narrow in his views and several centuries behind the times. He shows you the narrow way by the little Wicket Gate and over the Hill Difficulty and through the Valley of Humiliation which pilgrims used to go. That way is largely abandoned and we now find an easier road. We are never solitary, for there is always a gay company with us to cheer the time, and we have no longer the sad faces pilgrims used to have. I have a company close here which is on their way and which I am guiding. If you will put that roll in your pocket and go along with me I will guide you without any farther fear on your part. We will follow the roll, but I will read and explain portions of it to you every seven days and relieve you of the vexation of reading it for yourself. And then I will give you that explanation which we accept and which makes our journey so happy. If you have ever read the account which John Bunyan gives of the journey of the Christian from this world to that which is to come you have found that he went through much tribulation, but I can show you another way." Then I saw that the man persuaded him to go and he gave to him the name of Pilgrim and added him to his company.

Then I saw that Mr. Modern Thought went on his way with his company. And as they went they laughed and sang and cheered each other by the way. Pilgrim kept the roll in his pocket and rarely touched it. On every seventh day Mr. Modern Thought would talk to them for half an hour about some theme pertaining to that roll and would tell them how sadly the stern men of the past had tried to force all pilgrims through a narrow and difficult path with lions in the way and how fortunate they were in that they were not beset by any of those old views. The spirit of the modern times does not follow those old paths. And then for the rest of those days which they called sacred days they found delight in social companies or in reading papers each of which contained a sermon that no one ever read. Now, I saw that as they went on their way, they came to a place where a narrow way went up a steep hill to the road that Christian went of whom we have heard from Bunyan. And at the place where this way left the road that Pilgrim was going there was a house where Evangelist was trying to gather in those who were with Pilgrim and explain to them the roll so that they might go on the King's Highway to the Celestial city. And I heard Mr. Modern Thought speak with his company and tell them that while Evangelist might imagine he was doing good it were better to go on their easy way than to fail in with the fanatics who were trying to climb that hard hill and leave behind them all the delights they might enjoy. Then I saw that they passed by without stopping to hear what words Evangelist might speak to them. And so they escaped any pricks of conscience. And I saw after this that they came to a place where the atmosphere from the Valley of Humiliation began to blow chill upon them. And their hearts began to sink and goblins began to appear to them. But Mr. Modern Thought belonged to a company who had builded a railroad entirely around that valley, called Constant Amusement railroad. It is luxuriously furnished and its coaches are equipped with theatrical exhibitions and dancing

SCIENCE UP TO DATE.

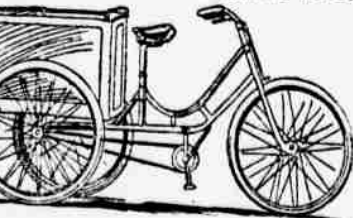
CURRENT NOTES OF INDUSTRY AND INVENTION.

Some Illustrated Lessons in Popular Experiments — An Express Company Adopts the Tricycle as a Means of Rapid Delivery — Helpful Hints.



VERY pretty experiment may be made with a sun-glass, an empty bottle and a piece of thread. Let the bottle be of clear glass, not colored. In the lower end of the cork fix a bent pin, and to the pin attach a piece of thread, not long enough to touch the bottom of the bottle. Tie a shoe button, or something of light weight, to the thread to make the latter hang straight. Now, having procured a sun-glass, which, you know, is nothing but a lens convex on both sides, and having selected a day when the sun is shining and a place where you may avail yourself of its rays, you are ready for the experiment. You may, if you choose, pretend that you are going to perform a little feat of magic; if so, tell the spectators that you intend to cut the thread in the bottle without touching the cork, or the bottle either. Then let some one put sealing-wax on the cork in such a way that the seal could not be broken without detection. Having made these preparations, leave the room for a moment, and go to a window or door where the sun is shining. There, with your sun-glass, focus the rays upon the thread in the bottle, and you will soon burn it in two with the heat. Take the bottle back to the spectators, and let them guess how you performed the feat. Of course they must not know anything about the sun-glass until you are ready to give them an explanation. This experiment will also illustrate a phenomenon that we talked to you about a few weeks ago—the passage of the sun's heat through glass without heating; for you will find that while the focused rays burn the thread in two, they do not heat that part of the bottle through which they pass, or any other part.

Express Company Uses Tricycles.
When Vice-President Crosby of the United States Express company was abroad a few weeks ago he noticed in London that many tradesmen and shopkeepers were delivering parcels and small bundles by men on bicycles. The idea then struck him that the pneumatic-tired machine might be used to advantage and with great saving by the express company. As soon as he returned to this country he submitted his scheme to a prominent bicycle manufacturing concern and the result has been a tricycle which seems to fill the bill perfectly. The machine is simple in construction. There is no chain, as the front wheel is made the driving wheel, and is worked with the pedals attached directly to it, as was the method with the discarded high wheels. The seat is a trifle to the rear of the front wheel, but not too far back to alter the pedaling motion from that used in propelling an ordinary safety. The two rear wheels are joined by an axle, to which runs a stout bar from the fork of the front wheel. Fitted over the axle and between the rear wheels is a square wooden box to hold the packages for delivery. The receptacle for packages is thirty inches long, twenty-eight wide and twenty-one deep. It has a closed top and is opened by doors behind. The doors are supplied with a strong lock, and the whole box is coated with a water-proof substance. Around the top of the box is a guard rail for extra packages that cannot be placed inside. The wheels have rubber tires and are about the size of those of the ordinary bicycle. The vehicle weighs a little over sixty pounds and is capable of carrying as much as the driver can comfortably pull after him. At a rough estimate this is placed at 175



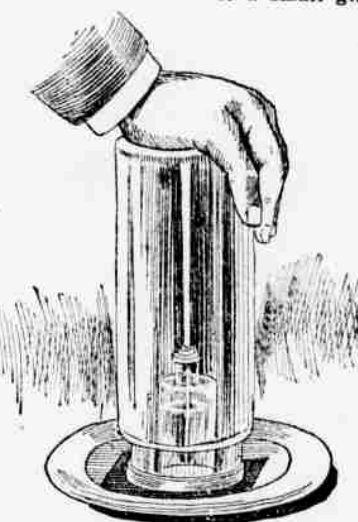
pounds. From an economical standpoint the new machine will prove a great saving. Its cost is about \$175, considerably less than the horse, wagon and harness would cost, although, of course, one horse and wagon can deliver an infinite greater number of pounds than the bicycle. But a horse and wagon is very clumsy and slow, and as the shipping of small parcels and boxes by express is constantly increasing, the advantage of the tricycle's usage will easily be seen. As yet but one machine has been received and is being used by the company. If the experiment is successful, and it has been so far, more tricycles will be ordered.

Wanted: An Improvement.
One obstacle in the way of the use of electric motors on street cars is the

lack of a proper brake. It is said that it is impossible to use short-stop brakes on the present style of motors without danger of having something go to pieces, therefore the choice is between crashing the cars into some obstruction, or running over some pedestrian, or shattering the electrical apparatus. There is not at present anything like an electrical power brake of this sort that can be managed and controlled with entire safety. It is suggested that there be a set of wheels with a reverse motion that could be instantly started when needed, the power being transferred from those that impel the cars forward. In this way the wheels could go on revolving, serving as a balance to the machinery, while by means of strong jacks the other set of wheels with the reverse motion could take the weight of the cars and thus counteract the headway. Four strong wheels, two at each extreme end of the car, would be sufficient. These would only be brought into use in cases of emergency, and the same grip required to lift the car onto them would set them in motion. This is the one feasible plan, and is also one that would do away with the danger to the machinery, and would stop the car almost instantly. What would become of the passengers is another matter, but certainly the possibility of the few bruises would be but a trifle by the side of the safety of foot passengers or the danger of smashing the entire car to atoms by collision with some heavy truck or other formidable obstacle.

New Way to Sterilize Milk.
It is said that milk may be sterilized by an exceedingly simple and effective new discovery. An alternating electric current is passed through it, and all germs that are absorbed from the atmosphere are killed. This does not in any way, we are told, affect the quality of the milk or cause any different action in any of the subsequent processes through which it may be put; but this statement will be received with some grains of salt, especially by old housekeepers, who claim that electric storms sour the milk. It is extremely difficult to combat established notions, and only experience will convince conservative people that electricity and milk make a harmless compound.

A Pretty Experiment.
Pour water into a vial until you have half-filled it, and then through the cork run a piece of straw or a small glass



tube of sufficient length to project slightly above the cork at the top and to reach within a quarter of an inch of the bottom of the vial. With varnish or sealing wax hermetically seal the cork, leaving the tube open of course.

Get an ordinary pickle-bottle, and, having warmed it over the gas or a lamp, turn it upside down over the vial, as shown in the cut. To prevent air from getting into the bottle, you should lay a few sheets of dampened blotting paper in the bottom of a plate, and stand the bottle on them.

Then press firmly upon the bottle to make the connection at the neck perfectly air-tight, and in a short time you will see a little jet of water come up through the tube from the vial, and if you have followed these instructions closely, the jet will go up and strike the bottom of the bottle. The reason is that the contraction of the inner air, from the cooling of the bottle, causes a pressure to be exerted upon the surface of the water in the vial, and that forces it up through the tube.

An Improved Saw.
People who cut up very valuable timber into merchantable shape have always felt a certain amount of regret at the great waste as seen in the enormous piles of sawdust that accumulate. For this reason it has been economy to use band-saws, which are extremely thin and durable. Circular saws have not heretofore been as available for this work on account of their much greater thickness, but, being cheaper and much more easily managed, they have been used, even though the waste of material incident thereto has been great. By a new means, a twelve-gauge fifty-four-inch circular saw has been operated, and the inventor says that it behaves in the most approved fashion in all respects, doing the work as well as thick saws and standing the strain in the most satisfactory manner. This is of a great deal of importance, as a thin circular saw can be operated where a band-saw is difficult to handle, and is therefore an economy and also much more convenient.